

the  
**KALIFORNSKI**  
**ADRIATIC HERITAGE**



**Happy Spring!**

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**NEWSLETTER OF THE SLAVIC-AMERICAN CULTURAL ORGANIZATION, INC.**

P.O. Box 226, Watsonville, California 95077

(A NON-PROFIT, NON-RELIGIOUS, & NON-POLITICAL ORGANIZATION)

Mar-Apr 2003

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## President's Message

Another year has passed and we are already well into a new year. How time flies! Looking back to last year, we can all surely appreciate the time and effort that Bob Moresco has put in preparing most of the meals. Remember the October 20<sup>th</sup> BBG chicken and spaghetti dinner he prepared? Delicious. Remember the Tap-a-Tutties that entertained us? Fantastic.

SACO is continuing to make an effort to give you all more great events, which brings up the next lamb feast on April 27<sup>th</sup>. This one is not to be missed. And also mark on your calendars the date of July 6<sup>th</sup>. This will be our annual BBQ in Corralitos with live Taburitza music.

So long and hope to see all the members at our next function,

Steve Belick

### Welcome to New Members!

Joan Ponza Holt of Pismo Beach, California  
And  
Alex Solano of Watsonville

### *In Memoriam*

*Mary McKnight (Arbanasan)  
November 27<sup>th</sup>, 2002, Watsonville*

*Pearl Arbunich Murphy 94 years  
December 2002*

### From Our Members

Enclosed is my check for the 2003 dues.  
Always glad to get the flyer with all the information. All Articles are interesting  
Thank you,  
Ann Abate

Dear Nina and SACO Members,  
We enjoyed the newsletter so much. Also to know that the club is doing so well. Your members are truly great people trying to keep the club alive.  
The Croatian lesson was wonderful and one of my daughters is making copies for the children. Again I say we are so sorry that we can't be a part of it.  
Fondly,  
Rose & Martin Santich



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Thank you to all whom provided the wonderful Desserts and Raffle Prizes at our annual Christmas Dinner!

Desserts:

Karen Belick  
Adeline Bettencourt  
Gwen Carroll  
Ann Cernokus  
Geri Hrepich  
Betty Jones  
Mary Lipanovich  
Nina Matulich  
Audrey Mekis  
Georgia O'Hoppe  
Polly Patrone  
Mary Sifke  
Jacqueline Zadravec  
Slavica Zalac

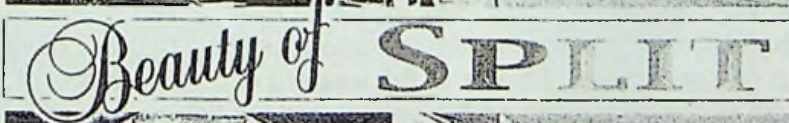
Raffle Prizes:

Angie Atkins  
Ann Backovich  
Adeline Bettencourt  
Sue Bloom  
Mary Buak  
Francis Davis  
Gig Franusich  
Mary Ann Gurovich  
Geri Heebner  
Tony Hrepich  
Betty Jones  
Chris Justus  
Lena Kesovia

Antoinette Lukrich  
Nina Matulich  
Mary Pilo  
Isabelle Secondo  
Margie Secondo  
Dale Skillicorn  
Jane Soares  
Ann Soldo  
Edie Stein  
John Vodanovich  
Jacqueline Zadravec  
Steve Zupan



Hvala & Sretan Uskrs! (*Thank You & Happy Easter!*)



Submitted by Nina Matulich



## Cruising

Story by Amy Ullrich

"With this big boat and only three persons, you must be a very happy man. And two women!"-  
Bumboat driver

Yes, Arthur Beiser is a very happy man. One of the two women is Germaine, his wife of many years; the boat, *Ardent Spirit*, a 58-foot sloop designed by Bill Dixson and built in 1988 by Moody, is the most recent of a series of four sizable cruising boats they have owned over more than four decades. I, the second woman, am a very happy guest, one in a long line of happy guests who have sailed with the Beisers in European waters. For Arthur and Germaine, who live in Southern France and cruise all summer, this is but one of many summers spent in the Adriatic; they first came to the Dalmatian coast in the mid-1970s and have returned often, sometimes on their way to Venice. For me, it's a welcome invitation to spend two weeks at the end of June sailing in a place that has long been near the top of my life list. To say nothing of cruising with the man who wrote *The Proper Yacht*, which *Ardent Spirit* most surely is.

"You must be crazy, going to a war zone." My friends

It's true, there was a war here; it started in 1991 and ended in '95. There are some reminders: The winding 300 kilometers of the Adriatic Highway from Split, where my flight landed, to Dubrovnik, where I was to meet *Ardent Spirit*, passes through two checkpoints delimiting a bit of seacoast that was granted to Bosnia through the Dayton accords. And, as you enter the gates of the Old City of Dubrovnik- now entirely restored- you are greeted by a map showing where damage from shelling occurred and text pointing out that the new roof tiles, different in color from the old ones, are a constant reminder of the war. If you look out over the rooftops from a high point, you can notice them.

But much more in evidence now are the tourists- fortunately for me, fewer in number in June than there would be in July and August. June seems to be the month of all-male German-speaking go-naked cruisers; August, Arthur tells me, brings Italians.

The splendid walled city of Dubrovnik- it has the finest city walls in the world, says one guidebook- was laid out at the end of the thirteenth century, when the area was under Venetian control. Coastal Croatia has many "small Dubrovnik's" and "little Venice's" so the real Dubrovnik is the perfect place to start exploring the local cuisine (at a restaurant that hangs over a small beach), the architecture, and the ice cream (at a small café that hangs over the walls). The feeling is Mediterranean, as is the powerful summer sun and the vegetation: olive and citrus trees, rosemary, laurel, cypress, and pines. Because of the heat we skip a walk on the ramparts- there is only one place to enter and exit, so once you're there you're committed- and end up in the cool shade of the municipal museum in a building that was originally a granary, built in 1542.

"CUVAJMO MORE OD ZAGADENIA: KEEP SEA CLEAN" In red letters, at the top of the chart.

It is- remarkably clean and, unlike the Mediterranean, still full of fish. I have the opportunity to experience both in our first anchorage, Polace, at the western end of the island of Mljet. The water is not only clean-clear enough to see everything on the bottom and the fish swimming by- but is just cool enough to be refreshing after a hot 35-mile motorsail from Dubrovnik. At the end of a longish entrance is an anchorage that has total protection from everything. The palace for which the place is named dates to the fifth century; the restaurant (one of several) offers rascasse, a Mediterranean fish, cooked Dalmatian style, in broth.

The next day we stop at the island of Korcula- a little Dubrovnik- to see the place where Marco Polo was born and to walk on the much smaller ramparts. The locals are all (to judge from the sounds emerging from every open window) busy with the World Cup, but fortunately the ice cream shop is open. A brisk sea breeze comes up as we head for our evening anchorage.

Croatia has an 1,120-mile coastline, 1,185 offshore islands of various sizes, and truly remarkable anchorages. Korcula is our last urban stop; we're heading for cruising territory (alas, it's one of the few brisk sea breezes that come our way). *Ardent Spirit*, with a watermaker and amply stoked freezers, plus a washing machine, doesn't require frequent replenishing of anything. We share anchorages with



foreign-flagged vessels we take to be chartered boats, but there are other ways—ferries, gullet-type passenger boats, fishing boats—to move around the islands.

In the Pakleni Islands, off the north end of Hvar, we stop in another spot protected by wrap-around islets. Many of the numerous swimmers are daytrippers who come by ferry from Split. Ashore, the small island is porous-looking limestone with stone walls and rosemary bushes. There is a small shack where we buy ice cream before slogging up to the top for a view of our surroundings.

*"Good Weather forecasts are available in English" from an information sheet for cruisers*

Good weather we have in abundance. Every day is hot and sunny, and we have clearly entered the summer period of light to moderate winds. This is probably because Internet weather reports of cold and gales for weeks before I left encouraged me to bring warm clothes. However, we are able to stay on the move, covering a good 30 miles most days by whatever means of propulsion is available. A remote control for *Ardent Spirit's* genoa makes it easy as channel surfing to take advantage of a breeze when it comes and equally easy to furl it when the breeze dies.

The Kornati Islands—all 140 of them—are the ne plus ultra of Croatian cruising. Deforested by the Venetians, who took the wood for building, they are now silvery-white limestone hills patterned by mile upon mile of stone walls, some sparse vegetation, and the occasional ancient church or other ruined building. There may be a clump of houses or fishing boats in a bay here or there, but for the most part, the islands are uninhabited.

At the southeast tip of Dugi Otok (Long Island) we enter Telskica Bay, the largest bay in the Adriatic and surely one of the most beautiful anywhere. The bay, a national park, is divided into 10 different anchorages by the bay's shape and by five small islets. At the head of our bay is a restaurant where Goran, the owner, serves lamb baked under a bell with garlic and potatoes. Judy and Bill, cruisers from Michigan, notice our U>S> flag as we enter the bay and stop by; they join us for dinner, which finishes up with palacscinca (crepes) with homemade peach jam. The peaches are local, as are the wine and the homemade cordials that are given to us at the end of the meal. But our waitress is a transplant (of Croatian descent) from Seattle.

In the morning a park launch comes by. "You take garbage?" Arthur asks. "Yes," says the driver, in English (which is a good thing, since Croatian isn't the kind of language you just pick up in a day or two), "and I take money also." We pay up the park fee and a mooring fee; a number of harbors have moorings for rent, provided by the Split marine district. Next to visit is Toni's bumboat, which carries an attractive cargo of cheeses, sausages, fresh bread, and fruits and vegetables.

We end up in Trogir, which is close to the Split airport, where I will depart and the next wave of guests will arrive. This tiny-walled town—pedestrians only—is an island connected to the mainland by a bridge. We are tied up at the busy town quay, just opposite a café that, happily enough, serves elaborate ice cream concoctions as well as beer; the English-speaking waitress is from Brazil.

While walking through the town I spot a post card with an aerial view of the island, which is about one-third green space. When we circumnavigate Trogir on foot, which takes about twenty minutes, we see that the green space is a soccer field (plus a little more). A tower at one end of the wall has been made into a movie theater. On the mainland on the other side of town is a busy outdoor market full of flowers and produce.

Inside the walls, narrow streets wind around residential buildings, restaurants, shops, and churches, occasionally opening up into a larger square surrounded by cafés. We have our farewell dinner at an outdoor restaurant where the "best" Croatian red is excellent and ten dollars a bottle and the french fries are the best in the world.

Submitted by Nada Kostovich Misonas from the March 2003 issue of *Sailing Magazine*





## Chartering in Croatia

For me, the essence of sailing is surprise-sometimes wonderful, sometimes horrible, but never predictable. For the five of us who chartered the Jeanneau 42.4 Blue Lagoon from the Sunsail charter base in Rogoznica, the Dalmatian coast was everything cruising should be; fully-found surprises filled our days and nights. We cruised south for a week last September, and the sailing was perfect-flat water, not too calm, not too windy, just Force 4 right. The navigation is line-of-sight-easy with few dangers. We found that you can anchor anywhere; the bottom shoals up gradually and the holding is fine. But if you want bright lights and big city, there are dozens of big clean marinas with big clean heads and restaurants with delicious Croatian food. We ate out every night (unheard of for us cheapskates) because there are small inexpensive restaurants in every little cove, the food is first-rate, and the local wine is excellent. I know I'm frothing, but I believe this is by far the best charter cruising in the world today. And it's beautiful; we could have stopped to anchor and gawk every 5 miles, but the sailing was so effortless we made 20 (!) miles or so a day. Most days by mid-afternoon we'd lower the anchor and either swim in the warm, clean Adriatic or dinghy ashore and walk through ancient towns or both.

And another wonderful surprise was how specific Croatia is- not like any other place I've been, and I've sailed almost everywhere there's charting. It seems as if stone defies Croatia: marble, slate, limestone-used for fences, sidewalks, streets, paths-in all colors and degrees of smoothness. The White House in Washington, D.C., and Diocletian's palace in Split were built of the gleaming white stone found on the island of Brac. The Adriatic islands have been fought over since Neolithic times. From the Illyrians to the Greeks, to the Romans (who conquered the last Illyrian king in 168 B.C.), to the Venetians, the Dalmatian coast is layered with the detritus and art of ancient cultures.

Vis Island- our favorite port and also Tito's (he had his supreme headquarters during WWII in a cave in Hum Mountain)- is an example of why Croatia is unique. Although Stone Age people lived here, the first settlement was Greek in 397 B.C. and clustered around the same harbor-Viska Luka-we dropped our anchor in. This is a big, sheltered horseshoe-shaped bay around which the town of Vis curves. Because Vis became part of the Roman Empire and then was under Venice's control for centuries, in a couple of blocks you can walk through the remains of a Greek cemetery, Roman baths, and an English fortress. But our favorite walk was through an old cemetery overlooking the bay. On many graves were photographs of the people buried there and beautifully carved tiles shaped like carpets and whole scenes from various religious texts. The eclecticism of the references underscored the history of the country.

Croatia is a sailor's country. The harbors are real working focuses of the towns. The small colorful fishing boats have displacement hulls, thole pins for rowing, and elaborately painted topsides. We would sit on out Jeanneau in the late afternoon watching the light wash over the ancient roofs as the townspeople came down to the docks to hose out their family wine barrels. Then, after we sipped a glass or two of the local vino, we would dinghy ashore and stroll to dinner. Such bliss.

The war in the former Yugoslavia kept many Americans from cruising Croatia. But Europeans know a good thing when they see it, and they are returning in droves. Go now, and take me with you. Patience Wales

### Cruise notes

Books and cruising guides: *Adriatic Pilot*, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed., by Trevor and Dinah Thompson, Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson, [ilnw@imray.com](mailto:ilnw@imray.com); *Croatia* by Jeanne Oliver, Lonely Planet, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., [www.lonelyplanet.com](http://www.lonelyplanet.com).

Charter companies: Dream Sailing: [info@dreamsailing.it](mailto:info@dreamsailing.it); [www.dreamsailing.it/english](http://www.dreamsailing.it/english); GPSC: 800-732-6786; [ginny@gpsc.com](mailto:ginny@gpsc.com); [www.gpsc.com](http://www.gpsc.com); Sailing Holidays Ltd. (flotillas): [mail@sailingholidays.com](mailto:mail@sailingholidays.com); [www.sailingholidays.com](http://www.sailingholidays.com); Sunsail: 800-327-2276; [sunsailusa@sunsail.com](mailto:sunsailusa@sunsail.com); [www.sunsail.com](http://www.sunsail.com).

From *Sail Magazine* March, 2003



# You & Your Friends are Invited to SACO's Rack of Lamb Dinner

*prepared by Pete Kovacich*

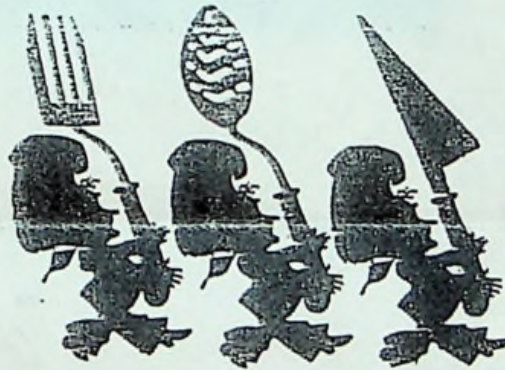


Sunday, April 27<sup>th</sup>, 2003  
Watsonville Women's Club  
12 Brennan Street



Social Hour- 3:00  
Dinner- 4:30

Adults \$15.00  
Under 12 \$5.00



Music by Julio Morgani

Paid Reservations must be received by Thursday, April 24<sup>th</sup> 2003

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Members, please let Nina know if you will be bringing dessert or  
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## CALENDAR

April 27, 2003 (Sunday)

Rack of Lamb Dinner at Watsonville Women's Club

July 6, 2003 (Sunday)

Annual BBQ at Padres Park Corralitos



John Basor  
Jelka Basor

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Second Reminder to SACO Members who have forgotten to pay their annual 2003 dues. Thank you in advance for sending them in!  
Nina Matulich, Financial Secretary

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Ann Backovich  
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